THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume X | New York, Wednesday, July 24, 1929 | Number 12

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Published weekly and copyrighted 1929, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

TARIFF IN BAD WEATHER

MR. SMOOT of Utah has not made these recent warm days an occasion of idleness. Indeed, if reports can be accepted at face value, the Senator has worked as assiduously as lesser men labor at golf or the proper computation of beverage ingredients. And the reason? Simply that there will soon be foisted upon the Senate the duty of "revising" the tariff reform drawn up and approved by the House. With that document nobody has been satisfied, apart from those several interested parties who made a good impression at committee hearings. Here one meets the beet-sugar-growers delegation; and since Mr. Smoot is interested in sugar, the moment is trying and poignant. No subject has suddenly assumed such proportions, or offered such unlimited opportunities for research, as the product which adds so much to oatmeal and the waist line. The University of Wisconsin, famed for assistance rendered the farmer, appears as the author of a monograph not yet published in entirety, which summarizes the situation in detail.

One extract from this work is particularly enlightening, because it estimates the total value of what the House has done for the husbandmen of the nation: "The cost of the proposed tariff rate on sugar to the farm population would be $79,773,120 (total farm consumption, 2,492,910,000 pounds) or an increased cost of $19,195,407 due to the proposed new rate. Assuming, again, that the entire increased tariff rate would find its way back to the cane and beet growers of continental United States, they would benefit to the extent of $58,916,973 annually under the new tariff. But the net loss to all farmers would be $20,856,147." We do not know if Senator Furnifold Simmons, North Carolina's ranking minority member of the Finance Committee, has digested these and the numerous other figures which Wisconsin has compiled. But there is almost enough in them to justify his remark that "as little as the farmer will get out of the farm relief measure, he will get still less out of the tariff bill." It would seem, however, that Democratic attacks upon this last are to be directed chiefly at the provisions which extend the rate-fixing authority of the President and the Tariff Commission. Just why one cannot tell, but so the matter stands.

If holes can be punched into the proposed tariff tapestry without leaving the Middle-West, they are as nothing compared with the bombardment from abroad. Much has been said at the congress of the

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International Chamber of Commerce, meeting in Amsterdam, that will never creep into print, and even the published remarks are too recent to be digested as yet. But the liveliness with which the topic has been discussed abroad draws one's attention to the comparative novelty of two factors in modern American economic life; the vital importance of world trade, and the relation this bears to political activity. Time was when the opinions and decisions taken by Congress remained practically aloof from concerns with the world at large—a fortunate situation, to be found nowhere else. Now all has changed. We have attained and must conserve a world position, and so the tariff and similar matters must be regulated almost as much with a view to pleasing the manufacturer in Lyons, France, as to comforting the manufacturer in Arcadia, Delaware. That the first has not been amused is obvious, though what he may do about it must be left to the imagination.

Late last summer nothing looked simpler than the tariff. It was recommended warmly as the foundation of our prosperity, and even Democratic speakers treated it deferentially, almost affectionately. But no sooner had the prize possession been brought out of the closet for an airing and needed repairs than it created almost as much consternation as is caused in the average household when daughter's last-year-model coat becomes a theme for debate. Thus far the House has toiled diligently and obligingly, but to the dismay of everyone else. It may be that we need more monographs, from obliging and studious universities. Possibly we are merely waiting to hear from Senator Smoot. Meanwhile, however, we are hearing from nearly everybody else, and the melody—unlike sugar—is not sweet.

WEEK BY WEEK

ARISTIDE BRIAND is always worth a notice. Indeed we are not far from believing that he is the only genius among contemporary statesmen. His endowment does not include any guarantee against mistakes, but he possesses constructive outlook and personal address in effective union. Some months ago he announced his intention of working for an "organized Europe, the most important political aspects of which would be: the gradual disappearance of trade barriers, responsible for the threatened scission of the continent into mutually hostile alliances; the restoration of Russia to the European fold, achieved through the offer of capital by all the western powers; and the solution of the security problem in accordance with conclusions reached by a proposed general conference of nations." Now, according to a special despatch to the New York Times, M. Briand has been working hard and quietly for this idea. He even believes that the beginnings of realization are just around the corner. It would mean, of course, the identification of the League of Nations with Europe, in so far as almost all practical problems are concerned, and so would complete logically a process of development rendered nearly inevitable by the policy of our own United States.

Europe Reunited

WITH so much being said about sugar, leather and lumber, the framers of the new tariff bill had the right to expect that their little readjustment of the rates on carillons would pass unnoticed, or at least win them praise, since the revision was downward, from 40 to 20 percent. Some five thousand editorial commentators missed the schedule, or found no cause for agitation in it. After two months of neglect, it now comes up for discussion through the vigilance of the University of Chicago, Mr. Rockefeller's chief memorial in the Midde-West. It happens that the University is about to receive a sixty-four-bell carillon, worth $200,000, from England. In providing this magnificent gift, unfortunately, Mr. Rockefeller forgot to provide for the duty, which under the present law would amount to $80,000. The university's embarrassment is not greatly lessened by the new bill which would cut this assessment in half. It suggests that educational institutions and churches be permitted to import carillons of thirty-five bells or more duty-free, inasmuch as no American manufacturer has yet produced a set of more than twenty-three bells. Because of an affection for carillons, and the University of Chicago, our sentiments are for this small amendment to the bill. But our judgment tells us that it would remove the benefit of protection from the American manufacturer who might some day aspire to the creation of something large and noble in the way of carillons. It might be unwise to refuse aid to this industry which may (who knows?) be about to be born, and thus darken the hour of its nativity with the shadow of free trade.

What—No Carillons!

"IN THE long run," said Dr. William S. Thayer in an address delivered as president of the American Medical Association, "we English-speaking people will not endure tyranny." He might no doubt have come right out boldly with "we human beings," since experience seems to indicate that tyranny has been pummeled and muzzled pretty effectively in countries where not so much as an English syllable is used. But Dr. Thayer was talking about prohibition, and there was possibly some virtue in suggesting, to a nation so morbidly conscious of its foreign element, that there is an English tradition of liberty. Can this live on, despite the Eighteenth Amendment? The answer depends upon public opinion. That the people's voice and the people's will are not always identical in these piping parliamentary times need astound no one. Inside the area of drought two maxims have been put into practice: the accep-

Experiment and Retort

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tance of Volsteadism and the fostering of subterranean traffic in liquor. Both are creations of public opinion, but their very subsistence side by side indicates that neither is desired. Elsewhere in this issue Dr. Mattern, whose life has been devoted to the study of such matters, discusses ways and means for achieving a unity of public voice and public will. We invite our readers to give especial attention to his paper.

FROM Nashville, Tennessee, comes the report of an address by the Reverend Dr. James I. Vance, summarizing the work of the recent Spanish Protestant Conference at Havana. It is in several respects a most interesting document. Though the Doctor paused by the wayside to see the fountain of perpetual youth, he was generally very strict in attending to business. This was an endeavor to unify the Protestant crusaders in Latin America so as to "increase their power as a Christian Church." No aspect of the situation seemed more promising than that explained by our speaker as follows: "Worship means more to the Spanish people than to the Anglo-Saxon people, for they are more humble in their attitude toward their religion and more vivacious and more eloquent in their expression of love for the Church." Curiously enough, nobody seems to have been led to wonder how they developed such virtues. It may therefore be worth while recalling the circumstance that Catholic missionaries and teachers struggled during centuries to impress upon the millions in Hispanic America a hunger for the bliss of the obedient soul. If Dr. Vance's analysis of their achievement is correct, there seems every reason to believe that they should keep right on without interference—lest the Spaniard become ultimately the spiritual equal of the Anglo-Saxon!

Tribute Unpremeditate

IT IS good news that German students have been declared once more eligible for Rhodes scholarships, as they were before the war. The only parallel our own country was in a position to supply to Oxford's action in suspending scholarly amenities after 1914 was our refusal to listen to German opera. And this ban has been lifted for so long now that the English news comes with a little shock. One's first reflection is apt to be that, as the armistice was signed in 1918, Mr. Baldwin's currently reported feeling that the restoration of Germans to the Rhodes lists is "in the interests of peace" is a little belated. However, Mr. Baldwin, who has been blamed for so much recently, probably cannot be justly blamed for this. It is likely that Cecil Rhodes himself dictated the delay, by token of the amazing fact that a powerful man's tradition may be less generous and more inflexible than those who are charged with administering it—or, for the matter of that, than the man himself would be, in the flesh. Rhodes's spirit is one of those which are destined to go marching on, and it will march always with the empire. This picture is deeply stamped on the modern imagination, and there has perhaps been, for those appointed to disburse his bounty, a certain real difficulty in disturbing it in the interest of the empire's recent foes. These facts afford a measure of the magnanimity which has decreed that the names of the German Rhodes scholars who died in service during the war be inscribed in the Rhodes House roll of honor.

German Rhodes Scholars

"WHAT was once a beautiful horseshoe is now a ragged V-shaped line"—we quote from a pamphlet about Niagara which, with similar propaganda, will be the subject of examination by the Federal Trade Commission in the fall. But whatever happens then, the insidious work will have already been done, for day by day the seventh wonder of the world is losing its good name. A treaty pends between the United States and Canada providing for a redistribution of the flow over the cataracts. The plan is much too special to be followed in all its details by editors who are not engineers, but what it seems to propose is an operation to lower the crest line on both flanks of the horseshoe, and the building of submerged weirs in the deep channel. This, we are told, will not only divert the falls from its own vicious intent, but will give it a superior beauty—the beauty, we suppose, of a well-groomed existence. Incidentally, but only very incidentally, quite incidentally, in fact, it will permit the diversion of 20,000 cubic feet of water per second for power purposes. This will be worth a trifling $20,000,000 a year to interests on the American side alone.

Niagara

EXPERTS, of course, have a language of their own. That is their greatest advantage over the rest of us. They have also, no doubt, a morality and an aesthetic of their own. These, too, are advantages. And so when they present us with such a conclusion as that Niagara is in the way of becoming only a common and unreputable sort of rapids, we are helpless. We cannot argue unless we first master for ourselves the secret language and the hidden code. And that may be why only a dubious kind of opposition has developed to the great Niagara project. It comes from the central and northwestern states which are reported to be firmly against ratification of the treaty, but only until they can win, as the price of peace, agreement on the Lakes-to-the-Gulf and the St. Lawrence waterways. It comes principally from Chicago, which is willing, however, to swap support of the treaty for some concessions on water diversion at its end of the Lakes. Thus it is really no opposition at all. Nor do we intend to stimulate a more genuine one, on our own or anyone else's account. We do not object to further exploitation of Niagara in a fair purpose, providing that it does not impair our enjoyment of the scene.

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What we must regard as objectionable, however, is that the companies should in the least ornament their ambitions with fine phrases about improving the beauty of the falls.

In the American Jungle

WHAT may be defined as a striking instance of a work of political supererogation is the effort being made (in the midst of the hot spell, too) by the imperial wizard of the Klan in "starting a campaign to repeal the Fifteenth Amendment," because of "the furor over the entertainment of the wife of Representative De Priest, the Negro congressman, at the White House." While hectic comment on that episode is still filling much space in the newspapers, it may be interesting to turn one's attention to the comment which is not, unfortunately, to be found in our daily press, but only in a few Catholic journals, occasioned by the fact that this year is the jubilee of the Uganda Mission, famous forever in the annals of the Catholic Church because of its Negro martyrs. It was only a few years ago that the twenty-two Negroes, mostly young men and boys, who willingly, even joyously, died for the Faith in the fierce persecutions under King Mwanga, were beatified in Saint Peter's, with the Pope venerating their relics, and publicly praying to Blessed Charles Luanga and his companions that they would intercede for him and the Church in which he is "the servant of the servants of God," to the end that he and his fellow-ministers might be helped and supported in the great task of preaching the religion of the love of God and man. At that scene, under the stupendous dome, before the altar above the tomb of Saint Peter, amid the scarlet cardinals, the purple bishops, and the white Pope, knelt two Uganda natives, one of whom had volunteered to be burned alive with the martyrs, and had lain with them wrapped in reeds on the pyre, only to be put aside in a last moment of consideration because of his extreme youth.

"BORN and reared in the paganism of the jungle, its devil worship, its debased superstitions, its terrors of obscene gods," remarks a writer in Studies, "the whole thing must have seemed to them a dream. Indeed, the significance of that scene was immense. The courage, faith, spiritual insight and purity of those young martyrs are one of the greatest triumphs of grace that have been recorded in the history of the Church. Saint Paul had proclaimed that there was no distinction in God's sight between Jew and Gentile, between Greek and Roman. Now another great barrier has been thrown down and the despised Negro has proved himself to be as susceptible as the white races to the breath of the Holy Spirit." There are more than a quarter of a million Catholics now in the land of these martyrs. Thirty-six priests of their own race labor among them, and nearly two hundred Negro nuns, and a congregation of native lay brothers. American Catholics, both black and white, might usefully invoke the intercession of Blessed Charles Luanga and his companions to the end that the Holy Spirit may spread the good gifts of wisdom and understanding among us all, here in the United States, so that we may be better able to deal with one of the most serious and difficult problems which ever faced any nation: the race problem. Incidentally, white Catholics might supplement their prayers by taking a little more practical interest in their colored brethren's efforts to educate their own people—particularly at such schools as the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, in Maryland.

Aesthetics in Bergen County

FATHER HUDSON'S manly bosom has just been spanned by something which looks comparatively like a watch chain—the first cable of the new bridge designed to bring New York City and Bergen County, New Jersey, into closer and, one hopes, more friendly relations. Hitherto the voyager from one to the other frequently lost both his time and his temper. Before many months elapse, our river will look for all the world like Gulliver being traversed by the crowds of Lilliput. Meanwhile, however, the bridge has given rise to a heated aesthetic debate. Shall the great steel towers be encased in stone? No, declare many architects, who hold that the attempt to dress up the product of Gary in neatly mortised rock would be to tell a lie. It is a real point: the arts fail whenever they are insincere. But those who do not find beauty in steel girders say yes, and appeal from art metaphysics to art history. "If it is bad art or architecture to veneer structural steel with stone," muses the editor of the New York Evening World, "what are we to say about 99.99 percent of modern buildings and about all the skyscrapers of which we are so proud? Has not steel construction become so established and general as to show through, so to speak, the stone and marble?" You may settle the point to your liking. It is, however, by no means a coincidence that the conflict here envisaged runs all the way through philosophy, to its deepest source. Shall metaphysics accept the values engendered by history? There is the problem.

Viva l'Italia

YOU may discern more than one sign of the era in news concerning the triumph of Sylvester Z. Poli, Connecticut magnate, whose daughter was recently married to no less exalted a personage than the Marquis Gerini, of Florence. Years ago Mr. Poli was an immigrant peddler of his own humble art creations. Then the movie came along, and no man in the world grasped its possibilities more magisterially than this same Mr. Poli. Recently he sold his chain of theatres for $20,000,000—so we are informed, at least—and became the most distinguished member of New Haven's large and colorful Italian colony. Indeed, he was wellnigh the only institution

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in the neighborhood which could be mentioned in the same financial breath with generously endowed Yale. It must have been a rare sight, that wedding with its solemn high mass, Mr. Poli in the rôle of proud father rejoicing at the end of a good day's work, and the enthusiastic crowd that had jammed itself into every inch of available space. After the ceremony, we are told, more than two thousand guests were escorted, amid cheers and vivas, to the palatial country home about which the immigrant of years ago would not have dared to dream. And unlike many frightfully old American families in the vicinity, the Polis enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing that their daughter could marry a title (and an aviator to boot) without straining a single thread of tradition. In short it was an interesting, an instructive occasion, out of which perennial worriers about the "race" might be able to draw no end of a moral.

The Exploitation of Fear

TO READ the display advertisements in almost any magazine these days is to lose almost all of the cheer traditionally promoted by the summer season. Until one has a full, leisurely holiday in which to turn the pages of a stack of the gayer publications, he will not realize in what a wilderness of horrors we are living. Air, water, food and clothing are so full of a number of things that we should all be as mangy as kings before the Norman Conquest. Our bodies were not planned for beauty and health but (a) for grossness, and (b) for decay, and the slightest inattention on our part will permit them to fulfil these baser destinies. But since we cannot always be vigilant against the invisible forces of destruction, we must secure ourselves behind a barricade of Gopher Beds—Renew Vitality; Sellum Cigarettes—Keep You Thin; Panic Toothpaste—Sterilizes the Mouth, Nose and Throat; Junelite Lamps—Give that Palm Beach Tan; and Fratbrother Clothes—Catch no Germs. We offer to lexicographers a definition of advertising as the exploitation of fear.

Insects vs. Coöperative Farmers

MANY scientists will be interested in an "insect menace" to the future of our civilization, alluded to by Dr. Charles T. Brues, professor of Economic Entomology at Harvard University. On the other hand many people who have had experience with agriculture will find it difficult to accept his belief that such pests will cause an abandonment of large-scale farming and a return to individual husbandry. Science has taught, and most wisely, that the most effective check to parasitical advance on a particular growth is an interposition of a crop which will not nourish the invader. Had cotton farmers cooperated wholeheartedly with the government in its fight against the boll weevil by planting a belt of corn from the gulf northward, the destructive insect would have been forced back to that Mexico whence it came. The opportunity was lost not because there were huge acreages under single recalcitrant controls, but because, among many owners, there were numbers who refused the sacrifice of an immediate profit to secure a future good for themselves and complete protection for more remote planters. Obviously it is easier to win agreement from a few. Variation in crops has time and time again been urged as a remedy for overproduction of a certain commodity. But the individual farmer has usually and privately argued that if his neighbors this year do not plant tomatoes, which glutted the market last year, the demand will be greater and he should be the one to profit by the accompanying rise in price. Absolute unity in such matters is one of the primary raisons d'êtres of farmers' coöperative associations; to them Dr. Brues might look for an ally against insect invasion.

Censorship and Guilt

BIASED and officious press correspondents have at times proved annoying and obstructive to governments of countries they are assigned to cover, but on the whole truth does little harm if the governments it envisages are functioning in accordance with what has been established as right. So commonly has this been accepted that, whenever a nation imposes a censorship on news leaving its borders, the world immediately suspects concealment of facts is practised because these, revealed, would not be approved. Mexican censorship during the recent religious conflict may be the exception that proves the rule. Even in that case many unprejudiced individuals realized that Calles and Portes Gil had suppressed much they did not wish to expose to the light of day in foreign capitals. The latest attempt at suppression of news has taken place in Manchuria, from which province the Nanking government deported Hallett Abend, New York Times correspondent. Mr. Abend, it appears, was becoming too authoritative in his despatches interpreting events in that troublous country. That this action against Mr. Abend and the attempted muzzling of other foreign correspondents should be so quickly followed by Chinese seizure of the Chinese Eastern Railway, leaves Nanking in a position which needs considerable explaining.

Matrimonial I. Q.'s

THE I. Q.—that mysterious term which stands for the amount of mental activity any one of us possesses —came in for a good deal of advertising in an address by Father Daniel Lord. Having studied the matrimonial problem for a long time with the help of manifold evidence patiently gathered, Father Lord concluded that many girls are finding it difficult to unearth boys with anything like brains. Your young lady keeps up her reading and her intellectual interests; your young man is acquiring an elkish mentality and cheering the football team. And the result? Two extremes that never meet, two worlds

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which (like the proverbial East and West) have nothing to tell each other. We believe there is plenty of truth in this diagnosis. It has long since been apparent that professors usually get much better wives than they deserve. There is no denying either that a certain voguish male formula produces a dumbbell. But is the young lady playing entirely square? Is she willing to accept a young and struggling instructor's financial limitations, or to make her hands as rough and hard as her mother's were? The normal young man may be somewhat abashed in the presence of a "highbrow" girl—but in all sober truth, he is usually more affrighted at the thought of her requirements in the way of clothes, automobiles, maids and the many other sundry accessories. Well, the battlefield which is involved here is old indeed, and brave is the man who would dare to predict the next move.

THE NOBLE ART OF LETTERS

WHEN Dr. Johnson was asked whether a man ought to write for money he replied that only a fool would write for anything else. But though the Doctor was basing his remarks upon personal experience, it would never have occurred to him to deny other than pecuniary motives to the profession. Indeed he was the eighteenth century's best exemplar of idealism stoically upheld. For several reasons a similar compliment may be paid to René Bazin, whose silver jubilee as a member of the French Academy has recently been observed with any number of complimentary dinners, addresses and editorials. With these we have no intention of vying. It may be helpful, however, to bear in mind the commentary which Bazin's writing affords on the literary output of the past forty years.

Few novelists have ever lived through so complete a reversal of public opinion regarding their work. Many men have passed from unstinted popularity to oblivion; others have rejoiced in the opposite development. René Bazin is the only man we know of who has lost and gained several diverse publics. His earlier stories—La Terre Qui Meurt and Donatienne may serve as examples—appeared at a time when the pleasant naturalism of Alphonse Daudet was the vogue and attained to almost equal popularity. Here was an art of poetized observation. Lyric narrative dealt with only the contour of an emotional experience, and circumscribed that with deftly intertwined shreds of local color. The "purpose aspect," so inseparable from fiction of that period, was sometimes a poignantly phrased advocacy of the country as against the city, or of the family as opposed to lawlessness, but was generally to be found in a purity of fervor and aspiration. There was no endeavor to follow Bourget in the use of hard logical outlines to batter home a thesis, but rather an unflagging suggestion that life may be noble and beautiful, even if it exacts sacrifice.

Who reads those stories nowadays? The public has forgotten them, and the critics are attempting, with more than a little difficulty, to unravel a series of complex new aesthetic doctrines. Nevertheless Mauriac, as modern as anybody, finds that the neglect of Bazin is "most unjust" to a "very fine achievement." Doumic pays tribute editorially to a life and a work, "one of which is worthy of the other, and the perfect harmony existing between which is a beautiful and moving example." Perhaps, however, it has lacked vigor and so must live quietly. Bazin himself channelized his most important gift into two virgin literary territories. Ability to evoke a landscape, a milieu, in such a way that it seems both visible and lovable is the power behind those Alsatian novels—Les Oberlé and its sequel—which drew so glowing a tribute from French patriotic sentiment. Again Bazin appears as a traveler to Italy (his Italiens d'Aujourd'hui is still a first-rate book, available in translation) to Palestine and even to Canada. Yet he is always best, it seems to us, in those sketches of France which glide into his novels so regularly and serenely. "To be sad with hope is," he declares, "the whole formula of life and of the greatest art."

This point of view colors also his more immediately religious writing. He is not a biographer of saints but of those men in whom contemporary holiness seems incarnate. The short Pius X is, unfortunately, merely a kind of obituary essay, but the Père de Foucauld is one of the century's truly great, revealing, original books. When he came upon the materials for this life of the "Saint of the Sahara," Bazin must have shouted with sheer literary joy. And anybody who wishes to discern the peculiar texture of his art need only turn to this book and observe the vision of the desert that is conjured up. It is a real place, of sand, mountains and Arabs, but it is also a landscape discerned in a dream, unforgettable and appealing as it was to the Père de Foucauld himself. The book was a triumph, and René Bazin once more had an audience that was larger than the whole of his country. You may believe if you will that his work has always reckoned emotionally with dominant nationalistic and class feeling in conservative France, but that is no satisfactory explanation of its consistent ability to renew its youth, its freshness and its simple power so amazingly as the years go on.

One must turn rather to a very genuine nobility of personal outlook and artistic sensibility. Bazin has understood why Catholicism must be heroic, but he has also found out why Pius X desired that "his people should pray with beauty." It is as simple a recipe as nature itself, though of course as a nature redeemed. That he found his strength in what others believed to be limitations is evident from this profession of moral confidence: "Courage may be beautiful, effort is not necessarily painful and oppressive, and money is never the better part of a wage earned." That doctrine may be superior to our tortured time. Is it not, however, the truth to which we hope to return?

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TEMPERANCE AND PUBLIC OPINION

By JOHANNES MATTERN

Current discussion of prohibition too frequently ignores the essential aspects of the problem to be solved. What ought public opinion to do, and how can it do anything? The author of the following paper is a prominent student and historian of that opinion. He examines the two "solutions of prohibition" to which prizes have recently been awarded, and proposes machinery for accomplishing the work imperatively needed before any "solution" can be thought of. He also discredits any belief that a government which treats prohibition as a political problem, can hope to solve it.—The Editors.

TWO prize contests have lately been held on the subject of prohibition and its enforcement. The first, sponsored by W. C. Durant, prominent industrialist, called "for the best and most practicable plan to make the Eighteenth Amendment effective." As was to be expected under the terms of the contest, the winning plan, offered by C. P. Mills, former prohibition administrator for New York City, ignored the fitness of the law to be enforced and confined itself to the problem of its more effective enforcement. Concerning the merit of the Mills plan public opinion naturally disagreed. No less an authority on enforcement than Federal Prohibition Commissioner Dr. James Doran is quoted as having remarked that Mr. Mills had changed a "lot of old stuff for some good new money."

The second contest, held under the aegis of William Randolph Hearst, originally called

> for the best plan to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment and substitute in place of prohibition a more liberal and more American measure.

This title was later changed to one asking for,

> A practical plan, as a substitute for prohibition, which will secure better actual temperance conditions, which will be more easily possible of enforcement by state and federal authorities, which will offer less encouragement to crime and tend less to debauch the public service, and which will not so outrage and violate the fundamental rights and personal liberties of American citizens.

Both titles imply a concern over the fitness of the law in question and the winner of the Hearst contest, Franklin Chase Hoyt, Presiding Judge of the Children's Court of New York City, devotes his efforts chiefly to elaborating a substitute for the Volstead Act, implying that the modification suggested will per se solve the question of enforcement.

Judge Hoyt states that "the Eighteenth Amendment prohibits 'the manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes.'" He for one is of the opinion that "despite popular belief, it [Congress] does not refer to 'alcoholic beverages'" and that "what it bans is 'intoxicating liquors.'" What he proposes is this:

> Let Congress repeal the Volstead Act and substitute a law defining the words "intoxicating liquors" as "all alcoholic products of distillation." Let it ban the manufacture, sale and transportation of such products throughout the country, except for commercial and medicinal purposes, but at the same time let it permit each state to regulate and control the manufacture and sale of all malt, brewed and fermented beverages within its own borders.

For he adds:

> It suffices to say that distillation is the act of man and has been responsible for practically all the evils which "liquor" has inflicted upon the human race, while fermentation is the act of nature, and that to many must mean, in the most reverential sense, the act of God.

As to the merit of the Hoyt plan there are several things to be said. First, if Mr. Hoyt were a federal judge, assigned to a court with a prohibition docket, he would not be officiating in that capacity long if he insisted upon practising the differentiation which he so ingeniously imputes to Congress, but which lacks the sanction of the official and unofficial backers of prohibition. So much for the practical value of that differentiation.

Secondly, the entire Hoyt plan is nothing but a restatement in a combination of judicial and clerical idioms of the more popularly phrased demand, repeated ad nauseam, for the granting of light wines and beer under a system of local option. And if Judge Hoyt, with more optimism than regard for reality, concludes that congressional action as proposed by him "would solve the whole problem," we, with more regard for reality than optimism, are of the opinion that it would do nothing of the sort. It should, of course, solve the problem of both wets and drys in those states which under his plan would permit "fermented beverages." For while the wets would thus have the beverages they desire, the drys could, without molestation from public or private sources, refrain from taking what they did not want. In the states which would continue dry, however, the wet minority would still be deprived of those beverages which by "the act of nature" or "the act of God," have been allowed to become fermented. And so, as far as these dry states are concerned, the Hoyt plan would introduce dozens of petty tyrannies in the place of the one huge tyranny with which we are cursed today. Furthermore, unless Judge Hoyt's plan implies a certain degree of enforced abstention even from fermented beverages, there is to be found in it no guarantee for the protection of society as a whole against the consequences of inebriety in modern industry and traffic. For, admitting that these consequences may not be as serious and frequent as under the free or surreptitious use of distilled liquors, they nevertheless must be considered in

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any reasonable plan aspiring to become a substitute for prohibition.

Thirdly, Judge Hoyt refuses to feel concerned over the question whether the powers responsible for the present prohibition system would ever consent to a plan surrendering what they consider their most glorious achievement, national as distinguished from state prohibition—and prohibition along the entire line covering not only "distilled liquors" but "fermented beverages" as well. Nor does Judge Hoyt bother with the question whether the wets would agree to accept a plan promising relief to some, but leaving a large number of their brethren to the none too tender mercies of the dry states in which fate has forced them to reside. In short, Judge Hoyt is decidedly too optimistic concerning the most vital factor of all—public opinion. Under the circumstances his plan, and for that matter any plan which does not embody a definite effort to harmonize public opinion, is nothing but a mirage in the desert. For public opinion, divided as it is today, is the one great obstacle to the application of any reasonable substitute for prohibition.

What, then, is the present state of public opinion that it should be so effective an obstacle? There is apparent today a ruthless determination on the part of those favoring prohibition to force upon their opponents a policy practised by only a minority of their own following. There is manifest an equally determined will of many of those opposing prohibition to circumvent existing prohibition legislation by nullification and violation of its inhibitions.

It is evident that no remedial action by way of an effective majority in favor of a reasonable substitute for prohibition can be expected from any one of these opposing forces, fired as they are by the zeal of the religious or mercenary reformer, or with the hostility of the non-conformist, each bent on enforcing upon the other its partizan interpretation of the citizen's duties and rights. Nor can such action come from a government which feels constrained to view the problem as a political rather than a social issue. For, obedient to the demand of an assumed but unproved popular majority clamoring for prohibition, legislators write into the statutes, and judges assess fines and penalties out of all proportion to the offense. Enforcing agencies indulge in an orgy of criminal rowdyism, only half-heartedly discountenanced by the constitutional guardians of the civil rights of the offender as well as the innocent but injured bystander. As it seems, even the official commission of inquiry promised during the last presidential campaign is to investigate, not the fitness of the law, but its more effective enforcement. Least of all could one individual be sufficiently resourceful to reconcile the two opposing camps by any plan persuasive enough to gain legislative and executive sanction by federal and state authorities. Still, what must be done before any substitute for prohibition can be found and applied is precisely that a large number of both camps be brought to agreement on the salient points of the problem. They must, above all, be made to realize that, on the one hand, indiscriminate prohibition as we have it today offends the sensibilities of most self-respecting men and women, and that, on the other hand, the changed conditions of modern industry and traffic demand the utmost constraint in the use of even fermented beverages.

If there is any hope of bringing about such an agreement, it must be sought in the enlightening and moderating effort of a body or institution whose members stand aloof from the present partizan organizations and who thus are capable of looking at the situation objectively, of ascertaining the facts involved and of forming conclusions on the basis of these facts.

One might thus make bold to propose that someone endowed with the vision, the faith, the means, in short, the wherewithal of the genuine philanthropist, promote the creation of something like a National Council for the Study of the Temperance Problem.

The Council, or whatever it may call itself, should work for the reorientation of public opinion in the direction of a rational approach to the problem of practical temperance instead of the present emotional attitude for or against prohibition.

To be non-partizan in aim it must be so in composition. Thus membership shall consist of representative men and women in all spheres of thought, industry and labor regardless of political and religious affiliations. As the issue is a national one, membership shall be confined to citizens of the United States and shall be national in scope. Qualification for membership shall be ability and integrity.

Ability signifies experience in dealing with questions affecting the relations of man to man and appreciation of human personality from the aspect of social rights as well as duties. It implies a sense of proportion in balancing man's need for wholesome recreation and society's claim to security for modern industry and traffic. It requires the moral courage to be the creators of public opinion, not its followers.

Integrity means honesty of purpose to harmonize precept and practice. It demands disinterestedness and independence from organized agitation for or against prohibition, and lastly, unqualified adhesion to the legal method of repeal or emendation of undesirable legislation as differentiated from nullification by evasion or violation.

The Council shall operate through committees charged with the investigation of particular phases of the larger issues such as:

1. The treatment of inebriety as a pathological rather than a criminal problem.

2. The consideration of federal legislation providing for the reasonable use of light wines and beer (fermented beverages) and the use of hard (distilled) liquors for commercial and medicinal purposes only.

3. The elaboration of a system of supervision or control of the manufacture, sale and transportation

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of such beverages and liquors by state or federal agencies.

4. The effectuation of agreements between employers and employees for the reasonable abstention from alcoholic beverages in all occupations affecting the ethical, physical and material well-being of human society.

5. The enactment of legislation dealing with inebriety in traffic as it deals with any other prohibitive disability.

In the study of these and other phases the investigators shall draw upon reliable information available in this country, and upon the actual experiences of other nations who have dealt or are dealing with the same problems. An effort shall be made to secure the coöperation of such organizations as the Social Science Research Council, the American Medical and Bar Associations and others of equal reputation.

The Council shall be organized with a view to the early establishment of regional, state and local councils or branches for the popular dissemination of its findings and program, through the usual channels of the press, lectures, radio and the like.

Whether the character of the membership and the work and findings of such a body would be able to impress the public and to command its confidence is a question to which no generally convincing answer can be given in advance. Those who believe that such an enterprise would meet with success, can point to the fact that public opinion has always proved only too prone to follow determined leadership. But whether their judgment proves right or not, until public opinion has been modified to the extent of assuming a more tolerant and rational outlook, there can be no hope for any reasonable substitute for prohibition. For legislators will continue to vote as they have done until they are made to see that they must vote differently to maintain their commissions.

THIS TALK ABOUT ART

By DONALD ATTWATER

THE Church has always been the mother of the arts. Reduced from its oratorical form to the limitations of historical fact, this statement means that for a long time during which Christianity governed the minds of men in Europe and hither Asia, the practitioners of the fine and useful arts were all turning out work varying in quality from the superb to the mediocre, and only rarely and accidentally bad. How did the Church mother, how was she responsible for, this state of affairs? By laying down canons of art? By drawing up codes of practice? By conducting technical schools or academies of art? By preaching aesthetic ideals or talking about the service of the artist to the community or words to that effect? No. Why should she? For her business is to save the souls of men, which is certainly not the business of art. She mothered the arts by buying the work of the artists (to use our modern word; there was no artistic world of Chelsea, Greenwich Village, or anywhere else then). She bought the work of the artists, not to encourage the arts (that idea came in with the prelate patrons of the Renaissance) but because she required the goods. She wanted cathedrals, churches, statues, embroideries, paintings, books, hinges, nuts, bolts, bars, locks, fastenings and all the rest of it, for the manifold purposes of Christian worship and ecclesiastical life. The Church mothered the arts simply by being a colossal consumer—as she is still.

We have no reason to believe that churchmen were any more exigent in their requirements then than now. They bought what was for sale—as they do still. The only difference is the quality of what is for sale. Then you could buy with your eyes shut, in the sure and certain hope that you would get a good article; now—if you know a good thing from a bad one—you must still buy with your eyes shut, or you will probably not buy at all.

The Church was not responsible for the good quality of the work in her churches and her children's homes from the fourth to the sixteenth century (any more than for the bad work now) but she was responsible for the quantity. In other words, in the ordinary accepted meaning of the phrase, the Church was not, and never has been, "the mother of the arts." Then, as now, work as good as, and sometimes better than, that done by Christian men was being done in other parts of the world by people who had never heard of the Catholic Church. Who dare deny it or dare try to explain it, cumbered with the premise that the Church is the mother of the arts?

What, then, becomes of Christian art? The shortest answer is that there is no such thing as a specifically Christian art any more than there is a single Catholic culture (Mr. Belloc to the contrary notwithstanding). There is the culture of Catholic men and the art of Catholic men. And the art of Catholic men is simply art that has certain qualities (as has the art of Muslims or of Rajputs): one of the distinguishing qualities was that it was "the art of man redeemed" (Maritain) and this it was that caused the best art of Catholic men to be the best art the world has ever known. Since the renaissance and the reformation these qualities have been decreased, in some lands to vanishing point.

On what did these qualities depend? Not on being "a good Catholic" as we understand it. Good morals have never been a sine qua non of good art any more than they have of good engineering. And it must be

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remembered that in the middle-ages all men were not assiduous frequenters of the sacraments or even of Sunday Mass. Still less on being a cleric; art is the layman's job and when we say that Prior Conrad built the choir of Canterbury Cathedral we only mean that he was responsible for the work being undertaken and for paying for it. Particularly not on ecclesiastical interests or "churchiness"; as Mlle. Louise Lefrancois-Pillion has said recently of the sculptures of Reims:

> These works are bound to Christian dogma, to the Church's mind interpreted by her teachers, by roots as firm as those which bind a plant to the soil which nourishes it; but for all that we must not picture these carvers as poring over the Bible and religious treatises: all that we know of their training and surroundings contradicts any such idea. . . . Their business was simply to translate into solid shapes the ideas that had been given to them.

The art of Christian men as exemplified in western Europe derived its qualities from a complex of influences energizing over generations to produce a certain civilization, a certain organization of society, a certain philosophy, of which the heart and the soul was the Christian revelation, and which permeated the minds and lives of men irrespective of their personal relation to the Church (just as today it is not uncommon to meet a French or Italian atheist or anti-clerical libertine who is essentially more Catholic-minded than many a good, pious, moral English Catholic).

In Great Britain and the United States we Catholics are living, whether we like it or not, in a civilization and organization of society which owes its peculiarities to the un-Catholic renaissance and the anti-Catholic reformation. We cannot get away from it. But that is no reason why, in this matter of art, we should go puddling about with the past and conditions which no longer obtain, instead of getting our common-sense Catholic philosophy to work on the new conditions. Why are the children of the living Church content to produce only a dead art?

Take one example, church buildings. We have been hypnotized by the doings of the middle-ages; we have worked ourselves into a feverish state of irrelevant ethical complacency about Gothic architecture and have organized a jargon of technicalities about "styles" to enable us the more easily to classify museum specimens and make to ourselves churches whose ways of building and forms of decoration are simply borrowed from our ancestors. (If it were suggested that we should follow a similar course in any other human activity, what howls of "Reactionary!" "Obscurantism!" "Mediaevalism!" we should raise.) Can we imagine what a builder of the fifteenth century would have said if asked to build a church with round arches and beak-head moundings, Norman, in fact; or if a carver in Bourges had been told to do a scheme of Byzantine decoration? Just as in 1400 Norman was dead and gone, outmoded, the manifestation of an earlier and different day, so in 1929 in Great Britain and America, Jacobean, neo-classical. Gothic, Norman, Byzantine, are dead and gone, outmoded, the manifestations of earlier and different days and places.

In Catholic countries this is beginning to be recognized. In France, in Spain, in Catholic parts of the Reich, architects and other artists and the churchmen who employ them are seeing that the skill of Christian men can and should be employed in those methods of building and decoration which are most fitted to the available materials and actual conditions of today. For example, we are building houses of concrete: why not our churches of concrete? (Thirteenth-century churches were built in just the same way as thirteenth-century houses; a distinctive ecclesiastical style is an absurd superstition which started in the Protestant, commercialized England of the nineteenth century and was part of its divorce of religion from all the rest of life, except sexual morals.) And they are doing it. In France particularly at least the beginnings of an alive, distinctive, up-to-date, unecclesiastical art of Christian men may be seen which is manifesting itself especially in churches built of concrete, steel and glass, planned, decorated, lighted in twentieth-century ways. And these are the work not, I need hardly say, of firms of ecclesiastical artists, but of artists who are indifferent to antiquarianism, who have a job to do and do it in what seems to them the best possible way here and now.

Westminster Cathedral is a good object-lesson. Apart from certain unimportant Byzantine features, the building is an honest structure of brick, concrete and metal, built by ordinary workmen in the ordinary twentieth-century way (complete down to a strike of bricklayers for more pay) and deserving all the praise that has been given to it. The decoration, sham Byzantine carvings, arty ornaments, stylized mosaics, is dull as ditch water and dead as mutton. The stations of the cross are the job of a carver who refuses to work in any style; when first put up they were greeted with derision and indignation by practically all English Catholics, who still regard them with suspicion and dislike. But they have to admit that those stations are one of the chief art events (and probably the most important yet) of this century.

As for a Catholic school of art: art schools have been one of the most potent influences in the degradation to which the arts have been brought. But such a school might be most valuable to English and American Catholics on certain conditions: e. g., if the art teaching were confined to instruction in how to handle and use the various tools—brushes, gravers, chisels, what-not; and if the scholastic part were concerned with Christian theology and philosophy and the history of the rise and fall of peoples; if, moreover, the school were situated outside the orbit of influence of that after-Christianity which lies like a blight over the intellectual life of English-speaking countries—preferably France, still the intellectual centre of Europe.

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CARDINAL GASQUET: SCHOLAR*

By BISHOP SHAHAN

THAT Abbot Gasquet would have been an influential modern essayist is evident from two works, written, one imagines, in some hours of leisure—The Old English Bible (1897) and The Eve of the Reformation (1900). In these are found some twenty delightful studies that probably no contemporary hand could have produced. Almost any one of them could be easily enlarged into a rich and useful volume. They deal with monastic subjects, libraries and books, the daily life of the monks, religious instruction in the monasteries, their schools and teaching, their ecclesiastical art and church ornaments; the "new learning," Erasmus, Lutheranism in England, the English parish, its guilds and chantries, pilgrimages and relics, conflicts of authority, civil and ecclesiastical. Several of these studies were written originally for the Downside Review, the Dublin Review, and the Tablet. Quite notable are his much discussed studies on the Pre-Reformation Bible, and his admirable story of the Hampshire Recusants, that tough English stock which would not bend the knee to Baal, in the person of Elizabeth and her agents.

For the fourth centenary of its reopening (1518) he published (1920) A History of the Venerable English College, Rome, from the earliest times to the present day. Though not an alumnus of the College he compiled the work with full sympathy and with a proper intelligence of the long career and the peculiar vicissitudes of that famous nursery of English priests, saints and martyrs. Its rich archives, dating from the fourteenth century and well preserved despite so many enemies, were placed at his disposal, particularly the abundant material accumulated since the beginning of the sixteenth century when the English Pilgrims Hostel, itself the successor of the eighth-century Schola Anglorum, gave way to the new English College, founded by Cardinal Allen.

When the question of the validity of Anglican orders was brought before Rome in 1894, Leo XIII appointed Abbot Gasquet a member of the Papal Commission appointed to study exhaustively the facts of the controversy and report to the Pope. After the adverse decision of Leo XIII (Apostolicae Curae, September 18, 1896) Abbot Gasquet published his Leaves from My Diary (1894-1896) that gave to the public some interesting information as to the meetings and discussions of the Papal Commission during those two years. Apropos of the feeling aroused in some Anglican circles by the formal refusal of Leo XIII to recognize the validity of Anglican Orders, Abbot Gasquet has the following to say:

> With every allowance for the feelings of those among the clergy of the Established Church who, holding advanced doctrines on the Eucharist, regard themselves as being "sacrificing priests" quite as really as ourselves, it is somewhat hard to see what ground of complaint any one of them has with the papal decision. They remain what they were before. The whole question was essentially, so far as the Roman authorities were concerned, a domestic one. Surely the living authority of the Roman Church has the right and when the question had been raised a duty, to determine the answer without being considered either offensive or aggressive.

At the height of his labors in the field of pre-reformation English monasticism he edited (1906) in Lord Acton and His Circle a correspondence (nearly two hundred letters) of that historian with Richard Simpson and others. They deal mostly with contemporary history. An introduction of nearly one hundred pages makes known to the reader the literary history of the Rambler, and the Home and Foreign Review, short-loved periodicals (1858-1864) that aroused the distrust and disapproval of Cardinal Wiseman and other ecclesiastical authority in England.

Abbot Gasquet visited the United States in 1913, and was for some time the guest of the Catholic University of America. His purpose was the collection of funds for the great Benedictine work that was destined to occupy the remainder of his days, the restoration of the Latin vulgate text of the Scriptures, as it left the hands of Saint Jerome. He met a cordial response from the Knights of Columbus, and from individual subscribers. The names of the more prominent are commemorated in a large bronze inscription in the vestibule of San Calisto. On his return he wrote for the Dublin Review an account of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and published (1914) the four sermons, Breaking with the Past, that he preached in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, New York, during the advent of 1913. Physically he seemed unequal to the constant strain of travel, solicitation and public speaking. The great scholar, tall, spare and gaunt, was surely more at home in the British Museum, London Record Office or Vatican archives.

In 1907 Pius XI made him president of the Commission for the Revision of the Latin Vulgate. This meant a transfer of residence to Rome, and the cessation of his former activities in the manuscript depositories of London, where he was by this time "amicus curiae," a revered and welcome figure. The great Benedictine plant of Sant' Anselmo on the lonely Aventine welcomed him, and here he laid the foundations of that marvelous scriptural opus of genuine Benedictine toil and accuracy, whose first fruits he lived to offer recently to his apostolic Maecenas.

**Editor's Note: Part one of Bishop Shahan's two-part article was published last week.*

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When Pius X raised him to the purple in 1914, there was universal approval in which many non-Catholics joined, notably the foremost representatives of the historical guild in every country. His genial, kindly nature, his typical English manner and personality, his pleasant humor, his sincerity and cordiality, his humble and simple monastic temper, earned and kept for him the friendship of hosts of visitors to Rome and its holy sites and memories. In 1918 Benedict XV appointed him prefect of the Vatican archives, and the next year made him librarian of the Holy Roman Church. The little London boy whom Manning once took to see Cardinal Wiseman had reached the summit of life, but on its pleasant level was granted another decade of admirable service to religion, letters, his country and mankind.

For the Royal Historical Society Proceedings (1919) he wrote a brief account of the Vatican archives, condensed from the earlier works of Garampi and Marini. Of his own administration of the archives he says:

> In all probability more than sixty thousand volumes [of manuscript material] beside innumerable single documents, are under my charge at the present moment. Unfortunately much has to be done in arranging, stamping, binding and indexing, before all these can be made accessible to the public. This must necessarily be a process of time, and needs the expenditure of much money. Already I have experienced the great interest of the present Pope, and his generous assistance in obtaining laborers. These, however, are not very easy to find, for the work not only requires technical knowledge, but devotion and even enthusiasm.

Since Cardinal Gasquet wrote these lines, the Carnegie Association for the Advancement of Knowledge has come to the aid of the Holy See in a very generous way in the improvement of the material conditions and equipment of the archives, and our Library of Congress has coöperated in a handsome and efficient manner by the aid of its experts, the gift of its wonderful card-index of over one million cards, and the hospitality offered to several officials of the world's most venerable treasury of human thought in past ages.

On the occasion of the Cardinal's Golden Jubilee of monastic profession in 1924, King George V honored his royal office by sending a telegram to the eminent scholar in which he expressed

> the earnest hope that his life may long be preserved in the discharge of the duties of his office, and to carry on those works which have made him famous and reverenced by his brethren in the British empire.

For this "reversal of attainder" the monks and friars of the days of Henry VIII were doubtless grateful from their seats of bliss. Cardinal Gasquet died at Rome, April 4, 1929, in his eighty-third year, after a brief illness, preceded, however, two or three years ago, by a slight paralytic stroke from which he never fully recovered. I do not know how better to close this imperfect sketch of a great monk, historian and prelate than with the words of Dom Cuthbert Butler, his disciple, friend and admirer (the Tablet, April 13, 1929):

> He leaves the memory of a singularly beautiful character, of great natural charm and kindliness; of an industrious worker, zealous always for the cause of religion and the Church; of a man of simple but deep unostentatious piety, as is revealed in the little tract Religio Religiosi written on the occasion of his jubilee of monastic profession; an example to those who knew him best, and an encouragement to aim at all that is highest.

In the vast domain of letters Cardinal Gasquet was near kin to Bede and Alcuin, to the founders of Oxford and Cambridge, and to all the high-grade scholars who have honored England in a thousand years. In our own day he belongs with Lingard, with Janssen and Pastor, Hegenroether and Denifle, to mention only a few of our new-school historians who stand out in recent times as foremost exponents of Catholic veracity and ability in the great Assize of Judgment.

THE ANGEL CLOCK

By AGEE HAYS

MANUELA was going to the relojero's again to see if the angel clock was there. She had on her green dress trimmed with pale yellow bands like the blossoms of the mesquite tree and, to match it, a pink lace head scarf. Manuela was careful about her dress and from her mother, Pepita, she knew that pink and green match, for did not the guisante flowers prove it?

As soon as Ramón, her husband, had left for the gardens of Don Santiago, Manuela had hurried to get ready. She washed the big stone amolador in which she crushed the half-dried corn for their tortillas and left it outside the adobe by the clay oven for the sun to dry. Then she rinsed the brown tazas from which they had drunk their coffee, and spread blankets over fragrant straw in the second room. Without a look at the square box of a clock squatting on the shelf, she emerged.

Manuela and Ramón had two rooms, and a yard swept as bare and clean as the dirt floors inside. The four little windows of their abode were framed in dull blue against the grey mud, and the straw roof was almost grey. Manuela had been so pleased with the blue frames that she had made white curtains with a border of bright circles from an old dress of Doña Santiago's. The pobres of Baredo said she was proud and sometimes they nodded their heads and wrinkled their noses at each other when she passed by, as if they had been talking about her. But she only smiled, for were they not always glad to come up the pebble walk and see the blue windows and bright curtains and stand long before the clock?

Only Manuela knew that the clock was not so wonderful as they thought. She knew clocks. She had seen one in the house of a fine doña where she had once gone with her mother, to work. It was a mound of glass with little angels riding around inside on a track. Back and forth. Back and forth. After that, Manuela's desire for a clock with angels was a passion eating her happiness.

One day when she had become a señorita and the mesquite

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and pepper trees were fragrant, Manuela had sat in old Lisena's doorstep and told her, shyly, of the great wish as one does any secret too great to keep. The village had been very silent in the lazy afternoon sun and Lisena had moved her brown, wrinkled face solemnly.

"Ay, Manuelita, ay," she sighed.

And Manuela had gone away frightened at having disclosed so impossible a dream.

But when Lope unyoked his oxen that night, Lisena had hobbled out and told him.

"Manuela who is to marry our Ramón," she said, "must have a clock with angels."

Manuela knew she had said this and she knew that the ancient couple had lived on frijoles and had no guests for many months that on Manuela's wedding day, they could place before her the great desire.

Lope had put a red blanket over his stooped shoulders, combed out his white beard and hair with his fingers, and punched out the dents in his sombrero. He had walked for miles in front of his laden cart with its two great wheels, guiding his oxen into the city.

The next day he had returned with a clock, but it had no angels. It was square like a box.

"Many more pesos the angel one would have cost," he said sadly. "Maybe she will like this one."

Manuela had pretended and Ramón had been truly delighted.

"There is not a more wonderful clock in all of Mexico!" he declared.

Lisena had nodded in proud satisfaction and the guests had admired it. Only great landowners in Baredo had, before this, owned clocks.

But Manuela hated it. Now that she had one, how could she expect ever to own another? It was as if someone had closed a huge gate in front of her. Ramón had built a shelf for it in the most conspicuous place in the house. It jangled out the hours like the sound the milkman made beating his tin cup when he stopped his goats in the street.

Three years had gone. Ramón was very happy for Manuela was still attractive to him and kind. Her tortillas and enchiladas were savory and her adobe the cleanest in Baredo.

But Manuela was sad. Only she knew that the square, ugly clock which every second ticked loudly at her was the cause.

"It is laughing because it has come between me and my angel clock," she would whisper fiercely to the friendly grey walls.

Then a relojero came to Baredo. He made clocks there and sent them everywhere. He had a wart in one eyebrow and a broad nose and he wore shoes instead of sandals. In his window he had a clock with angels that rode back and forth. Manuela, dressed in her green and pink, watched it tensely. Back and forth. Like the great doña's. All her life she had wanted it.

One day she could stand it no longer. She told Ramón.

Ramón was astounded and hurt. He took off his tall sombrero so slowly that the little bells around the brim hardly jingled. He sat down and looked at Manuela.

"But our clock was a gift, chiquita," he repeated. "My father and mother gave it for your happiness, when they could not afford to do so."

Manuela would not hear. She looked miserably at the bend in the dusty road where old, bent trees with lacy foliage hid the Rio Grande.

"Then, too," droned Ramón, "the new clock costs more pesos than we have. We could not buy it if we would."

Manuela's black eyes were hard. They did not look at Ramón.

"The relojero says he will take the square clock as pay on the other one. He says we may pay for it in a new way. Now a little and a little more as Don Santiago pays you. And all the time the angel clock will be ours."

Ramón's dark face was sad, but he took Manuela into his arms.

"If you wish it, then, little jewel."

The relojero lifted his warty eyebrow and smiled with one yellow tooth showing under his moustache. He took the square clock and handed her the other.

"A clock worthy of you, pretty one. The finest ladies in Mexico have no better."

Manuela squeezed the glass mound as her sandaled feet marked the deep and hot dust of the camino homeward.

"I have it—the angel clock," she refrained.

But what would old Lisena and Lope say when they paid their weekly visit to admire the wedding gift?

On the shelf, the golden angels moved silently and grandly under their glass canopy. Back and forth. Back and forth. Manuela had never noticed how coarse the curtains were and how rough the kind grey walls.

"The house is dingy!" she gasped.

When Ramón came in, he looked at the shelf and pretended to be pleased.

"What a beautiful clock!" he exclaimed.

Then, because he was silent, she looked at him. How ugly and coarse he seemed!

Suddenly she thought of herself. She pushed her hands over her face. Her lips felt thick. Her hands were fat and homely. And the green voile dress was cheap. It should be silk!

The clock went silently and smoothly like a snake. Back and forth.

To Ultima Thule

(*Out of Hamburg Harbor*)

Since there are saints in the islands still
robed in red and blue (O hands
brown and broken finger-nails—men of toil)
and spare grey bushes are hung with ribands
salt-faded, till the air
goes like Saint Audrey at a fair
and from the gilded missal is spelled
slow Mass in the soft days by stone altars—
with the big wind-sliced candles

let us praise God.

For day goes down on smoke and steel,
a lidless sea and a lidless sky
and the eye of sea is red with reckoning
risks and freight: for us no longer
roll the ripe date and the orange ripely
in the ribbed hold
but are nailed and labeled.

Praise God—let us praise God

that there are saints still in the islands
and brown-stone houses where the wind
strides through the windows and the doors
and the stone floors.

G. B. Dangerfield.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

When Ziegfeld Stumbles

THE penalty of achieving glory is having to maintain glory. Mr. Ziegfeld has been so busy and successful at glorifying the American girl for trackless years that we have all taken him for granted—assumed that he was infallible within his own medium, and stored by occasional new adjectives to express recurrent delight. Now, however, the monotony of glory has been broken, and there is actually a genuine lack of showmanship to report in many long stretches of Show Girl.

Hitherto Ziegfeld has held a position analogous to Barnum's. No one really thought he was glorifying American girls. In fact, he was actually putting most of them to shame by selecting only such astonishing beauties that they did little more than remind us of the shortcomings of those we ran across during the daily humdrum. A Ziegfeld show girl was about as unlike the daily flapper as a prize cow is unlike the obscure heavy duty animal who keeps the milk trains going. But we accepted the glorifying fiction much as we accepted Barnum's freaks—a pleasant illusion lending glamour to a few spare hours and doing no particular harm by its obvious untruth. When we had reason to object to Ziegfeld, it was because of his occasional pernicious habit of throwing in some filthy scene or joke, usually based on some phase of sexual perversion. For his showmanship, for his tinsel and for the general gaiety he contributed, no one had anything but praise.

But the situation is not improved by the injection of another of those songs turning blatantly on perversion and its supposedly comic aspects. Here at least is a subject on which there can be no general disagreement. Companionate marriage has furnished the excuse for considerable filth on the stage during the last year. But at least managers can plead that the subject is being discussed in high places. Sexual perversion is a very different matter. To physicians it is a tragedy, requiring the utmost from their resources. To make it the subject of loud-mouthed humor on the stage is an offense to all sense of proportion as well as decency. Mr. Ziegfeld is not the only offender in this respect, but he was among the first, if memory serves correctly, to give this kind of "humor" a place of prominence in a supposedly first-class review. No useful purpose could be served by passing over the offense in silence. It merits a thorough scalding by those in authority.

Show Girl is a musical adaptation, written by William Anthony McGuire, of J. P. McEvoy's novel of the same name, with musical score by George Gershwin. The story, as it filters through, is insipid and carelessly strung together, establishing nothing in particular by way of characterization, and with amazingly little inherent humor. One might lay the whole blame at the respective doors of Mr. McGuire and Ruby Keeler Jolson (who takes the part of Dixie Dugan, the heroine) were it not for the fact that Mr. McEvoy has so often failed, in past reviews he has written, to give dramatic effect to his particular brand of humor. His short sketches have a habit of doing much the same thing that Show Girl does—that is, of starting briskly, of dragging out too long and of ending in anticlimax. It is just possible, then, that the fault is in good part his.

But not all the blame is his. Ruby Keeler makes altogether too negative a heroine in a part that should have some brass and steel in it as well as sugar syrup. Her performance seems to have aroused distinct differences of opinion, but I find myself squarely in the camp of those who think that some two score soubrettes of recent years could have made Dixie Dugan a far more entertaining stage character. Imagine, for example, what Bobby Arnst could have done with the part! Half of the young things in recent editions of the Garrick Gaieties could have done better than Miss Keeler. She is not bad—but she utterly lacks sparkle and verve, and the tone of the whole performance lets down in consequence whenever she is on the stage.

As to Mr. Gershwin's music—it is the work of a tired man or else of a lazy man. Even his Parisian ballet scene is a languid effort to recapture some of the violent inspiration of his own famous rhapsodie. It contains no original contribution. Yet it is the best part of the whole score. The other pieces are routine echoes. At times the sheer energy of the orchestra under William Daly beats them up to a heated tempo. But all the driving effect is in the instruments and not in the score itself. One gets the feeling, perhaps unjustly, that Mr. Gershwin has written a bit condescendingly as if he felt that he had really graduated into higher musicianly spheres and was doing something beneath him. If so, more's the pity.

All in all, the best moments are supplied by Barbara Newberry, in a secondary part, by some of Jimmie Durante's raw-boned comedy, and, of course, by the inimitable Albertina Rasch ballet girls, presenting an exquisite background for the loveliest dancer of our times, Harriet Hoctor. The sheer undulating poetry of Miss Hoctor's movements are without parallel on our stage. Her rhythm is continuous. In the last two decades we have seen many dancers from all countries, including the great Pavlowa. Not one of them has achieved this particular quality of flowing movement in a measure to equal Miss Hoctor. Pavlowa had a more universal art and far greater versatility. She had also a more vivid and engrossing personality. But she could not surpass, nor, I believe, equal Miss Hoctor in pure unstudied poetry of motion. (At the Ziegfeld Theatre.)

Bomboola

HAVING objected strenuously to Irving Cooper's production of Harlem, as being unjust to the Negro and emphasizing only the cruder aspects of his race, I was rather amused to see a repetition of some of the same material in the same manager's musical play, Bomboola, modified by a protest from one of the stage characters against this very sort of exhibition. It is much as if one were to give the worst scenes from Elmer Gantry, and then have Elmer himself protest that the play was unfair to the ministry.

In this case, the character who makes the protest does not offend herself. In fact, she is a sweet, dark thing from the South, who comes North to make her way on the stage, and ends by marrying her old sweetheart from the plantation. It is all very curious and disconnected, after the worst tradition of musical plays, but reasonably inoffensive until the repetition of the Harlem rent party.

Bomboola does give occasion, however, for some excellent singing by a Negro quartet, some superlative tap dancing by a dusky gentleman named Derby, and for one thoroughly amusing sketch by Mason and Fletcher entitled Inter-Feud. Some day, if we are fortunate enough to live so long, an enterprising manager will really present a Negro review which catches the superb, naive genius of the race, and projects it across the footlights with all the simplicity and direct charm of which the Negro is a master. Until then, we must endure compromises between the sophistication of white drama and the crudity of exaggerated black. (At the Royale Theatre.)

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COMMUNICATIONS

MEXICO IN FACTS AND FIGURES

Roswell, N. M.

TO the Editor:—In his discussion of the land problem in Mexico, Carleton Beals (Mexican Military Adventurers in Revolt, Current History for May, 1929) tells us, for Portes Gil, that in the state of Tamaulipas "two-thirds of the peasants now have lands," and that "the same is true of Vera Cruz, of Morelos and some other states." He thus leads his readers to assume that previous to the "revolution" the "peasants" enjoyed no such possession. The references to great estates and "peasants" seizing lands bolsters this assumption. This accords with numerous statements, official and otherwise—no two of which, however, agree—to the effect that only a few thousand individuals—sometimes alleged to be mostly foreigners—owned all the land in Mexico. Those making such statements no doubt have felt secure in the confidence that few, if any, would take the trouble to search Mexican records to determine whether or not they were inspired by fact or fancy.

Here are some facts and figures with which Mr. Beals seems unacquainted: the Mexican state of Jalisco, with an area of 33,486 square miles, claimed a population of 1,202,802, in 1910. Its farm assessment list for 1912-13 showed 165,618 separate holdings. Most of these were small, but there were some large farms, for much the same reasons that there are large farms in the United States. Renters were few. Tenants were found on the large estates, and worked on shares, fifty-fifty. The owner furnishing land, water, house, seed, plow, oxen and paying taxes.

Jalisco is one of the states of central Mexico where more than two-thirds of the population live on less than one-third of the national territory. Anyone at all familiar with that region and its people and conditions knows that the neighboring states do not differ markedly from Jalisco, so far as land-ownership is concerned.

The state of Morelos was a prosperous, sugar-producing state which naturally meant large estates. But this did not affect those with small holdings of which there were a great number. The present condition of Morelos as compared with its former prosperity points conclusively to a great change for the worse.

In the state of Oaxaca there are many of the 2,082 Indian communes (census 1910) in Mexico, all of which possess lands in common.

In the state of Vera Cruz there are (or were) many large properties appearing on the assessment lists as single holdings, but which in reality were occupied by numerous families, descendants of successive owners and occupants—heirs of the original grantee—who had as successively died intestate during nearly four hundred years.

According to one authority (Brinsmade, Mexican Problems) an engineer in the employ of the revolutionary government—and therefore to be trusted not to overstate—the public land held by the government in 1920 amounted to 108,844,000 acres.

If any further evidence were needed to show that there was no land monopoly in Mexico but, instead, a large surplus (much of it well watered and exceedingly fertile from the writer's personal knowledge) available for settlement without disturbing private holdings, we have it in the numerous large grants of land made by Carranza to foreign colony promoters. The Mexican government, in its official publication of March 15, 1919, announced the granting of 3,403,270 acres in several states to several colonizing enterprises. This did not include 1,000,000 acres along the Rio Grande opposite Del Rio, Texas, then under negotiation to similar interests.

It may have been merely a coincidence that at the time Carranza was making these grants he was confiscating large estates belonging to those who disagreed with him.

It would appear from what has transpired during the past fifteen years that large estates are economically unsound when belonging to persons unfriendly to those in power, but are economically sound when belonging to those in power or their friends. It is the ambition of every Mexican to own such a property, and nothing is easier than for those in power to dispossess their opponents. Both Obregon and Calles began their revolutionary careers as poor men. Out of the revolution they and their friends acquired their great land holdings.

Mr. Beals seems to be equally misinformed regarding educational matters. This is not strange when we consider the wide divergence of Mexican official statements. Moises Saenz gave the number of schools in Mexico as 12,257. Discovering, apparently, that this figure was less than the number of schools in 1910 (12,418) he raised it to 18,000. José Miguel Bejarano, publicity agent for Mexico, has stated recently that the number of public schools has been increased from 630 to 5,000 by Calles; the Mexican Minister for Education gives 4,000.

It has been stated officially that 50,000 children in the City of Mexico alone are without schools.

Mr. Calles has been quoted as saying that for every school he has opened, two others have been closed. In his message to his Congress in September, 1926, Calles declared that he had closed 129 colleges.

In 1910 40 percent of the school enrolment in Jalisco was in private schools. This is raised to 45 percent when the average attendance is considered. As these are percentages admitted by the government, the real percentages must have been much greater. In 1910 there were reported 677 schools in the federal district (Mexico City and environs) 442 official and 235 private. In 1917 the total is given as 433. In 1920 the total was 176. That the number of private schools in Mexico previous to 1910 has been understated is evidenced by the caution and reticence observed by their owners due to the hostility of certain enemies. Occasional revolutionary pamphleteers have complained bitterly at their great number and popularity as against the official schools.

The Church was far from being the only one interested, financially or otherwise, in the private schools. The Church and wealthy Mexicans contributed toward founding and supporting them, and religious orders and lay men and women directed and taught in them. Religious instruction was a part of the curriculum because the parents and Church demanded it. The teachers employed in the private schools were properly educated and trained for their work. To the number of many thousands they have been compelled to seek other employment or have been driven into exile. The schools have been closed and confiscated. The unfortunate result of such a misguided policy is well illustrated in Yucatan where an official statement in the official organ revealed the astonishing fact that some of the revolutionary teachers were obliged to request the school inspectors to sign their papers for them.

Mr. Beals is equally misinformed as to previous details of Mexican history. If he will take the trouble to investigate

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he will discover some interesting, if not disconcerting, facts. At the opening of the nineteenth century there were but two general hospitals in the United States. In Mexico City alone there were, at that same time, at least eight, besides those for the insane, for contagious diseases and maternity. There was also the famous asylum for the poor with its orphanage and industrial school and a refuge for women. All were more or less well endowed, and care and medical attention were free. The great Hospital Real, founded by the king in 1553 for the Indians, regularly cared for three hundred fifty to four hundred patients, and on the occasion of a severe epidemic housed some eight thousand. The San Andres hospital had 400 beds. The Belemitas hospital had a primary school attached that cared for 800 boys. The same organization had several other hospitals in several other cities. The one in Guanajuato had a school caring for 600 boys. Hospitals and especially schools were numerous all over Mexico. In fact, it may be said without exaggeration that Mexico at that time led all the world in this respect.

While in the United States it was considered actually revolutionary, if not indecent, to educate women, Mexico possessed a large number of colleges for women. In 1800 in Mexico City alone there were at least twenty-seven institutions of higher learning, eight of which were for women. Tuition was free. A large number of scholarships provided funds for those in need of living expenses. Education in Mexico was gratuitous from the very beginning over four hundred years ago. It was not so in the United States until the establishment of the Massachusetts State Board of Education in 1837.

The great University of Mexico—suppressed by Gomez Farias in 1833—was officially opened in 1553. The study of medicine was begun in 1578, 204 years before a like study appeared at Harvard. The study of surgery and anatomy was begun, and dissection practised, in 1661, eighty-six years before William Hunter opened the first school for dissection in England.

Even among the Yaquis there were schools, colleges and hospitals, to an extent that sufficient progress had been made by them toward civilization for them to declare: "We are no longer Indians but Spaniards."

The presence of primary schools in every village of the Huasteca indicates that if they could be found so numerous so far from the more populous centres the latter did not lack them. For reasons no civilized man can understand these numerous educational and beneficient institutions were closed and their funds and properties confiscated.

As indicating the manner in which the booty was distributed we have the case of Mr. Limantour (father of the famous finance minister under Diaz) who purchased some fifty houses from the confiscated properties in the City of Mexico. A lawsuit engendered by a quarrel over the spoil is responsible for the revelation. These properties had been assessed for purposes of confiscation at $587,419, but Mr. Limantour secured a reduction to $525,528. He paid $1,832.40 in cash and the balance in government due-bills that had cost him $40,077.90, thus securing over half a million dollars worth of properties for less than 10 percent of their assessed valuation. These buildings had been income-producing properties belonging to a variety of corporations, hospitals, colleges and asylums; even the Guild of Silversmiths appearing as owner of some of them.

The larger buildings of the institutions themselves were retained by the government to be converted into jails and barracks, or sold to private parties to be converted into hotels or tenements. The great prison of Belem, that houses Mexico City's malefactors (or did for many years) was once a college for women. Near it is, or was, a great barrack that was once a college for boys. The Hospital Real was sold and converted into a tenement. The Hospital de los Terceros became a hotel. The Colegio de Niñas (girls' college) founded by Gante in 1548, became the German Club.

To justify this pillage before that element in the United States most active in their support, the Mexican revolutionaries have labeled all such institutions as "Church property," when in point of fact they were more often independent entities, civil corporations, just as are many such institutions in the United States today, governed by boards of trustees.

When Obregon was president he ordered the confiscation of the funds and properties belonging to such a corporation in the city of Puebla, totaling some twelve million pesos (six million dollars). The trustees carried the matter to the supreme court which, evidently at Obregon's dictation, declared the confiscation justified on the remarkable grounds that "the clergy had been responsible for the three years' war," a baseless calumny connected with an event of seventy years ago.

The destruction of educational and beneficient institutions ordered by Juarez in 1856 differs only in time and extent from that ordered by Calles. Then, as now, greed pillaged and malice destroyed; then, as now, the orphaned and the aged were driven forth to seek shelter where they might and beg their sustenance in the streets; then, as now, empty promises and mendacious propaganda replaced the destroyed schools and hospitals and asylums; and then, as now, the United States government intervened to protect and sustain in power the men engaged in this insensate fury of destruction and pillage.

EBER COLE BYAM.

EXPERTS AND STAR-GAZERS

Allston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—To one who finds sundry reasons for adverse criticism in much of the world peace plans and propaganda, the reparations settlement just concluded offers a welcome opportunity for favorable criticism. It ranks as nearly, if not quite the best thing that has happened since the armistice. A tense and difficult problem was met and solved in the spirit of compromise: a desire to whittle claims, deemed to be just, down to a reasonable estimate of the debtor's ability to pay.

Like most of the treaties, pacts, etc., which have followed Versailles, it is a departure from, rather than a development of, that none-too-just treaty of peace. Unlike them this agreement seems to find all of the interested parties in a contented frame of mind, a consummation devoutly to be praised.

Less happy in its implications is the recent speech of Mr. Charles Evans Hughes upon assuming his seat on the bench of the World Court. Will Latins, Slavs or Chinese consider Anglo-American amity consistent with judicial impartiality?

And now comes the pronouncements of Mr. Dawes, our new ambassador to England, and the new Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsey MacDonald, which contain certain assumptions not to be granted until the advocates diaboli (preferably one of the outcast experts) has had his opportunity to challenge the statesman's canonization. Is the world altogether wrong in its belief that the diplomats have been the real war makers?

Meanwhile let us not discredit expert knowledge whether in finance or armament, and especially let us give sincere praise for the good work for peace actually accomplished by experts under the fine leadership of a real expert, Mr. Owen D. Young.

CHRISTOPHER I. FITZGERALD.

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BOOKS

The Springfield Aftermath

Myths after Lincoln, by Lloyd Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

LINCOLN was assassinated on a Good Friday, a mere five days after Lee's surrender. Within that blunt statement there is packed a story of almost incredible pathos, fantastic irony, grimness—in a word, tragedy. Its outline is over-familiar to every schoolboy and shyster politician, but the keen power of its every subtle detail, as revealed in Mr. Lewis's book, comes with something of the shock of a super-headline piece of news, even to one who sports a rather pallid grade of patriotism. Myths after Lincoln thus makes its début as a novelty-volume of more than ordinary value. Its author, having painstakingly studied all available documents, old newspapers and other drifting ephemeral literature, as well as books and the conversation of informed octogenarians, has tracked down facts and rumors and assembled them in a volume that sets forth with economy and drama, the whole story and aftermath of Lincoln's death.

The first section of the book retells the story of Lee's surrender and attempts to show how Grant's magnanimity was probably inspired by Lincoln. It describes the assassination and reviews the sermons preached on the following "Black Easter." Here it reveals, in its generous quotations, the savagery of the evangelical American clergy of the time, ranting for vengeance—which would be incredible to us if we had not heard so much of this "foolishness of preaching" a dozen years ago. It describes the extraordinary thousand-mile funeral pageant, aptly labeled "half-circus, half-heartbreak." Part Two, The American Judas, reviews the history of John Wilkes Booth, the ham actor and comic-opera assassin, his accomplices, his act, flight, pursuit, death, and the strange mystification of his burial, the career of the crack-brained "Glory to God-man" who shot him. Part Three, Altar Smoke, traces the legends that center around Lincoln's tomb at Springfield, the plots of the body-snatchers, the formation of the Lincoln Guard of Honor, the history of the G.A.R. and of Memorial Day.

This rich content is handled with a good deal of compactness and skill. The book is lively. It leaps nimbly from topic to topic, and nowhere displays the fault of diffuseness. Its first six chapters, especially, give the excellent effect of a superbly staged dramatic performance. In general it may be said that, as long as Mr. Lewis confines himself to a straightforward recital of events, his prose is distinguished by all the welcome virtues of journalism. But when he interrupts his narrative in order to put on display his own personal critical comments, he collapses in enervation. He is just a bit too self-consciously smart, his ideas represent last year's fashions in psychology and anthropology a little too obviously. The newer type of history and biography, aiming to be both pungently critical and highly popular, depends for its effectiveness strictly upon the learning, background and personality of the writer. His limitations in these respects, if they exist, are bound to come rather blatantly to the fore.

Nowhere is this sad truth more evident than in the Post Mortem which closes and attempts to summarize the content of Mr. Lewis's book. It invokes Frazer's Golden Bough for a complete explanation of the "Lincoln religion," and suggests, in a rather pussyfooting fashion, that the case of Lincoln and Booth presents an essential analogy to the case of Christ and Judas. The whole argument rests upon the quicksands of facile pseudo-science. "The new nation" (America) says Mr. Lewis, "was like a child that rejoices to walk alone, but who subconsciously remembers the womb with a wishful pang." Certain American immigrants from the Mediterranean countries, he states, seized upon Lincoln as their God because they "had surrendered Apollo, Attis, Moses, Adonis or Osiris." One would like to know just where and from whom the ancient Greek and Egyptian deities still collect their sacrifices. Finally, it is apparent that many of the "myths" upon which Mr. Lewis erects his conclusions are not myths at all, but facts. Mr. Lewis himself reveals the fact that Lincoln's body was for a long time not in its proper crypt, but hidden away under piles of rubbish, and that there was much deliberate mystification about the spot where Booth was buried. Curiosity on these points does not indicate a pseudo-religious, myth-making tendency on the part of the American public. The popular reaction to the whole Lincoln saga can be much more simply explained by the principles which Carlyle laid down in his Heroes and Hero-Worship, and by a common-sense view of the behavior of mobs and individuals during a period of war.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

Baring's Latest

The Coat without Seam, by Maurice Baring. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE case of Maurice Baring is difficult to diagnose. A man who started his literary career as the possessor of one of the most promising talents in England, he has never quite fulfilled that talent. Yet his output has been prodigious; he has no less than thirty-nine volumes to his credit, and every one of them has shown the mark of a man of no ordinary powers. There is every reason why Baring should write a great Catholic novel; he has a deep culture, a wide sympathy, and an understanding of men and women; he is tolerant with the tolerance of one who has lived in and enjoyed the great world, and yet he has the faith of a true and fervent Catholic. In his latest book there are the possibilities of a novel which might be epoch-making—and yet the novel does not exactly come off.

The Coat without Seam tells the story of a journalist of good family but limited means who loses his faith in early youth and finally regains it just before his death in a military hospital. The novel takes its title from the legend of the holy coat of Our Saviour for which the soldiers drew lots after the Crucifixion. The legend keeps recurring throughout the life of Christopher Trevenen, and at the end the relic is used to bind up the wounds of a spy who had used it to signal to the enemy, while at the same moment the dying Christopher recognizes it as the symbol of his own life, the coat which by his lack of faith he had torn in shreds and which now at the last moment has been restored as if by a miracle in his final confession. Here is a theme which, poignant though it is made by Mr. Baring, might have been of surpassing power and beauty.

It is always dangerous to attempt to find the reasons which underlie the mere failure in technique of an artist's work. The failure of the introduction of the mystical coat quite to justify itself is evident in Mr. Baring's novel. Its introduction seems too often forced and incidental; it is not woven into the texture of the story itself. The novelist has apparently started with two things—the study of a man whose pride is hurt by the inferior positions he has had to accept, and the idea of faith lost and regained through mystical experience. These things are, of course, not irreconcilable. The very fact that Chris-

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topher could have so easily lost his faith is explicable by the fact that worldly position should mean so much to him, though he is not at heart a snob. The trouble is that the author has not truly united the two themes.

Mr. Baring writes with great ease. Can it be that he writes with too great ease, that the fact that he has thirty-nine volumes to his credit has been made possible by his refusal to submit his work to a long enough period of gestation? Facility has ruined more writers than it has created. Throughout The Coat without Seam Maurice Baring shows rare sympathy for his characters. In their individual moments they live and suffer, and yet in their final synthesis there is a certain weakness of impression. It is then, as we look back, that we see they are rather improvised as the moment arrives than inevitably led up to the moment. Maurice Baring has in birth and upbringing been of the fortunate of the earth. He has goodness, he is high-minded, he has faith. But perhaps his writing, like his life, has come too easily to him.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Anti-Modern

Three Reformers, by Jacques Maritain. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE first translation into English of an important work by M. Jacques Maritain is a notable event. Its author, though not the founder of neo-Thomism, as one reviewer would have it, is certainly among the leading exponents of a philosophic movement which, in Europe at least, is flourishing with all the vigor of renewed youth. So little, however, is M. Maritain known in America that most readers will be amazed by the quotation from T. S. Eliot on the book's jacket, which hails Maritain as "the most conspicuous figure and probably the most powerful force in contemporary philosophy."

Whether or not one agrees with this verdict, there can be no doubt of Maritain's genius. A profound student of the great mediaeval masters, he has made their principles his own with extraordinary thoroughness. In the present series of studies he applies these principles to certain essential mental attitudes of Luther, Descartes and Rousseau with a brilliance and acumen which are at once vitally personal and eminently characteristic of the French genius. Sound methods of scientific induction in the amassing of data are here combined with that most difficult form of generalization which aims, in the author's words, at "the manifestation in certain representative types of the spiritual principles which it is most necessary to distinguish."

That considerable numbers of the American reading public can be made to see such a necessity seems extremely doubtful. We have welcomed the debunking of various heroes; we have devoured Mr. Strachey's brilliant psychological analyses; unexpected thousands of us have been seduced by the facile Dr. Will Durant into the belief that we can easily understand all of philosophy that is worth bothering about. But how many of us are interested in the serious study of great figures from a philosophic point of view? How many of us are willing to make the effort necessary to follow M. Maritain's closely reasoned analyses of three men whose importance we are accustomed to take on trust?

It is hard to deny that an effort must be made in order to appreciate Three Reformers. The book has been described by the London Times as "easy to read." Yet if the "general reader," to whom the English reviewer especially recommends the essay on Descartes, can thoroughly assimilate that fascinating study without the closest sort of attention and some acquaintance with mediaeval thought, one can only conclude that the general reader in England is a born metaphysician. Such prodigies are rare in these parts. For readers, however, who are not afraid of exercising sustained concentration, the three essays should furnish an intellectual treat of a very high order. Though one may not agree with Maritain's interpretation of his subjects, one cannot fail to be spiritually stimulated, and to find ideas in the book which will suggest their own application to other men and movements.

So organically interrelated are these ideas, so closely knit is the construction of each essay, that the discussion of separate passages seems inadvisable in a review. Viewing the book as a whole one wishes that Maritain had not assumed any knowledge of scholastic terminology on the reader's part. Terms like "virtual," "formal," and "pure act," are used in their technical senses without explanation, and such an abstruse doctrine as "individuation by materia signata" is casually alluded to. The anonymous translator, whose work is on the whole admirable, might well have added notes in explanation of such terms, or even a short glossary. It would have been a gain, also, if the distinction between dogmas of revealed theology and the conclusions of philosophic Thomism had been more clearly emphasized. Such a distinction is urgently needed, especially for the enlightenment of the non-Catholic reader, and would have made Maritain's rational refutation of his reformers' errors more obviously self-sustaining. It might have been possible, finally, without unduly lengthening the essays, to show more thoroughly how each reformer was influenced by previous currents of thought. The importance of such figures is seen in its true perspective when they are considered as inheritors as well as innovators, when their relationship to previous thought appears as paving the way for their influence on later generations. Maritain's reformers tend, perhaps, to seem as though they had sprung from the void.

One is grateful to the publishers for their courage in giving us an English version of this notable work.

T. LAWRASON RIGGS.

Mexican Farm Problems

The Mexican Agrarian Revolution, by Frank Tannenbaum. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

STUDENTS of recent Mexican history will be grateful to Mr. Tannenbaum for his dispassionate account of the agrarian revolution. Within the field chosen for his investigation the author has presented the available facts with accuracy and in detail. No such careful study of the actual distribution of rural population and landownership in Mexico has hitherto been available in English.

The result of eighteen years of agrarian revolution has been to give 2.64 percent of the total land of the republic to 4.31 percent of its total rural population. The fact that the new owners have made use of only about one-half of the cultivable lands placed at their disposal reveals the difficulties which even an honest administration would have met in a program of agrarian reform. The further fact that less than 1 percent (.85) of the population "still owns two-thirds of the area and four-fifths of the value of rural lands of the republic," indicates that very many of the members of the Obregon-Calles military and political régime were more successful, if not more interested, in distributing big estates among themselves than in providing small holdings for the agricultural laborers.

The author quite correctly states that Article 27 of the

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Mexican constitution provides for a system of land holdings "which cannot be described as socialism, or nationalization, or communism," though undoubtedly many of the political leaders have been strongly influenced by all these isms. However, an account of what has happened in Mexico based on an analysis of Article 27 of the constitution and subsequent land legislation would be about as valuable as a history of prohibition in the United States, based on a detached study of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. Mr. Tannenbaum catalogues without comment the various criticisms of the administration of the Mexican Land Law among which the charge of dishonesty bulks large. As a matter of fact there has been no general, honest attempt to put the agrarian laws into effect except in six states of the republic.

Apart from the obviously unjust provisions prohibiting the Church from the ownership of real property and the confiscatory provisions of Section VII, the other sections of Article 27 are capable of being put into effect to the advantage of the agricultural population of Mexico. That much injustice has been done and comparatively little headway made has been due in part to the incompetence and corruption of the administration; in part to reactionary and unprincipled landowners, and in part, to the ignorance and indolence of the agricultural laborers whom sixty years of liberal rule in Mexico had degraded below anything known in the earlier history of the republic.

Mr. Tannenbaum shows that he is aware that no good came to the peons from the confiscation of Church property in 1857 as the estates of the Church simply passed to large private owners; also that it was not the Church but the so-called liberals of 1856 and following years that destroyed the ejidos, or communal holdings of the villages which the revolutionary government for the past eighteen years has been professing to restore. He refers to the despoiling of the Jesuits in 1767 as the beginning of the break-up of the big estates, but neglects to mention that the net result of that liquidation was the destruction of the endowments of a score of excellent colleges and the consequent collapse of the system of higher education in Mexico. The Jesuit properties, needless to say, were not divided up among the agricultural population. They were merely seized by the Spanish crown.

The author accepts too readily the estimate of 2,000,000 as the number of organized laborers affiliated with the C.R.O.M., an estimate probably 75 percent too high. He thinks that the rapid pacification of Mexico under Obregon, after Carranza's disturbed administration, could be accounted for by Obregon's program of land distribution. Perhaps part of the explanation lies in the fact that Obregon and his friends, who promoted the disturbance, had now arrived in power.

Only a brief six lines is devoted to the agricultural coöperative credit institution contrived after a visit to Germany by General Calles, who was quite unaware that Raiffeisen banks had been organized in Mexico by the Catholic agrarians twenty years earlier.

One is glad to close this review on the optimistic note struck, we think justly, by Mr. Tannenbaum: "As a rule debt servitude has disappeared, payment in kind has been replaced by payment in money, the villages have been given a new stimulus, the number of small owners of rural property has increased and seems likely to increase." If the Mexican government will accept in a friendly spirit the proffered coöperation of the Catholic Church there is reason to believe that agrarian and labor reform in Mexico, with the passing of a government devoted to class warfare, may proceed in an orderly fashion.

EDWIN V. O'HARA.

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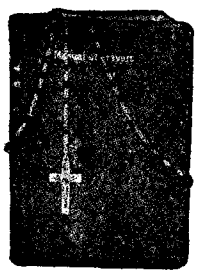

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Briefer Mention

Contemporary Movements in European Literature; edited by William Rose and J. Isaacs. New York: The Dial Press. $4.00.

MR. LINCOLN MAC VEAGH has published many good books, and so may be pardoned one unmitigatedly mediocre offering. The essays included in the present volume would be valuable only if they enabled one to arrive at some composite impression of current European letters. Instead they are simply glib talks, with very obvious bibliographies attached. Professor Denis Saurat, who discusses French writing, is the best of all, but even his contribution is only a smooth address to the ladies. The book is mistaken in conception and execution. Its only service will be to increase further the chatterbox cataloguing of books and authors which so frequently passes for an acquaintance with literature.

Attila: A Romance of Old Aquileia, by Paolo Ettore Santangelo; translated by Nathan H. Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.00.

ATTILA: A Romance of Old Aquileia is a pseudo-historical romance of the days when the Huns descended on Italy, in the middle of the fifth century; and to quote the publishers, "carries an ambitious canvas." This canvas is composed of fragmentary unrelated episodes patched together so carelessly that the story holds no wind. Snatches of history, geography, archeology and philosophy are jumbled together to form a potpourri only less confusing than it is uninteresting. All the characters—if the medley of figures can be thus called—are shallowly conceived. The translation was made from the Italian by Nathan H. Dole.

Joan Kennedy, by Henry Channon. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

HAD Joan Kennedy said, like Ruth, "thy people shall be my people; thy country shall be my country," the troubles of her married life would never have been nor would Mr. Channon's interesting novel. The theme is the incompatibility of parties to an interracial marriage—in this instance an Englishwoman of the squirearchy to an American of boisterous Chicago. Mr. Channon, skilful in revealing the numerous little trivialities of daily life which caused Ralph and Joan to jangle on each other's nerves, has also done particularly well in making Ralph, who became Anglicized very readily, completely oblivious of the complicated difficulties that beset the transplanting of his wife to America.

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